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04x11 - g*y or Straight? That's the Question

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04x11 - g*y or Straight? That's the Question

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **07/09/04 18:31**

[In the opening scene, we see Drew Boyd, freaking out during the photo sh**t for the Brown Athletics underwear ad.]

Drew: (talking into his cell) I don't give a sh*t. I need to talk to him now! (Pacing around) Stuart. I can't do this.

Brian: What the f*ck is going on here?

Photographer: Your subject is being most uncooperative.

Ted: He said he made a big mistake. He's talking to his agent.

Brian: Well, did you remind him that he has a contract?

Ted: Yeah, I did remind him.

Drew: No, I'm not gonna grin and bear it! You're gonna get me out of this!

Brian: Anything I can do to help?

Drew: Yeah. You can get me my pants.

Brian: Before I do that, why don't we discuss your concerns?

Drew: There's nothing to discuss. I'm not doing it!

Brian: It's a little bit late for that, isn't it?

Drew: I'm Drew Boyd. I call the shots.

Brian: Except when I have the ball.

Drew: I'm feeling kind of exposed, you know? I'm not used to standing around in my shorts.

Brian: What about in the locker room? You stand around in a lot less.

Drew: In the locker room everyone's showing their a*s.

[Brian smiles. Cut to Drew posing in his underwear, the photographer snapping away. Panning around the room, we see that everybody's in their underwear. Most everybody's in black, but Brian's wearing those long gray jockey shorts. And Ted has boxers.]

Ted: Christ, he's hot. What a pity he's straight.

Brian: Well, even if he weren't, do you think he'd f*ck you wearing those? (He casts a derisive glance at Ted's boxers).

Ted: I wasn't expecting to be standing around in my shorts.

Brian: I don't know if he's gonna sell any underwear, but he sure as hell is gonna sell a lot of Kleenex.

[Cut to post-coital Emmett and Drew in a motel room.]

Drew: Once I got used to everybody staring at me in my shorts, it got to be a real turn-on.

Emmett: But only I know what's under them. Guess we'd better get up!

Drew: What's your hurry?

Emmett: Well, soon as we're through you always bound out of bed and race to the showers, so I just assumed -

Drew: I wanna just lie here.

Emmett: You sure?

Drew: You see me moving?

Emmett: (settles back down, with his head on Drew's rock hard abs) Mmm...what's the world coming to? First a kiss, then stickin' around... next thing you know, you'll be asking me to the big game. Yeah, I said too much, didn't I?

Drew: You know the rules.

Emmett: I know. What goes on in this room is between you, me and the four walls and must never leave here under penalty of death.

Drew: You got it, sport.

[He smacks Emmett's butt and gets up to take a shower.]

[Michael frantically tries to reach Hunter on his cell phone, while Ben grades papers.]

Michael: Straight to voice mail. What's the point of getting him a cell phone if he's not gonna pick up?

[Just then, the prodigal foster son returns.]

Michael: That's me going off in your pocket! How about answering it for a change?

Hunter: What's up your a*s?

Michael: It's past 11:00.

Ben: You missed your curfew again. Where you been?

Hunter: Studying with a friend.

Michael: Every night this week?

Hunter: We're working on a project.

Ben: Who is this friend?

Hunter: Someone from school.

Ben: And the project?

Hunter: It's for science.

Michael: Penicillin's already been discovered. What have you found?

Hunter: What's with all the f*cking questions?

Michael: We would like an honest answer.

Hunter: I told you the truth. If you don't wanna believe me, that's your problem.

[He slams into his room.]

Michael: I hate to say it -

Ben: You don't have to. I know what you're thinking.

Michael: If he's out hustling again, I'll f*cking rip his ba*ls off, as my dear mother would say.

Ben: Let's hope we've instilled more self-respect in him than that.

Michael: After the way he's been acting?

Ben: Whatever it is, we'll find out eventually.

Michael: Then what?

Ben: We'll just have to deal with it.

[Lindsay is a jittery mess. Her hands are shaking so badly that she can't even get the key in the lock to open up the gallery. Sam strolls up, smoking a cigar.]

Sam: Need any help?

Lindsay: No. Thanks. I can do it. I do it every morning. (She drops the keys). sh*t!

[Sam picks up the keys, bending down painfully.]

Sam: My back's been k*lling me ever since I did that g*dd*mn mural. Hope Michaelangelo had a good chiropractor. Why haven't you returned my calls?

Lindsay: I've been busy. The show's been a huge success. Isn't it great? Almost everything sold.

Sam: Another month of alimony payments! My wives will be eternally grateful. I want to see you.

Lindsay: I can't.

Sam: Why not?

Lindsay: Why not? Try, 'I'm married.' I have a child and another one on the way. Oh, and did I

happen to mention lest we forget that I'm a l*sbian?

Sam: Did I mention that you sure don't f*ck like one?

[Lindsay closes her eyes briefly, draws a deep breath.]

Lindsay: Jesus Christ, Sam. Why do you have to be so crude?

Sam: You didn't mind the other night, rolling around on the floor, rutting like a -

Lindsay: What happened the other night was a mistake. A huge mistake.

Sam: Was it?

Lindsay: Yes, it was. Look, Sam. You inspire me. You challenge me. You make me laugh. I admire you so much. I guess I got confused, you know? And I crossed a line I shouldn't have.

Sam: When I was a kid, I didn't respect the lines. In my coloring books, I always crossed the lines. I didn't play the rules at all. I don't think that's always such a bad thing.

Lindsay: For an artist, no. But for a person, sometimes it makes sense to read the manual and follow instructions, dull as that may sound to you.

Sam: What about the part of you that secretly yearns for something else, the part of you that both of us know is there?

Lindsay: My house has many rooms; I occupy but a few. The rest go unvisited.

Sam: Who said that?

Lindsay: I did.

[She enters the gallery.]

[Apparently, Vic left some furniture to a local A*DS hospice in his will. Vic's furniture is delivered by the rather unlikely team of Michael, Justin, Ted and Melanie.]

Guy: Nice chest.

Michael: I think he's talking to the furniture.

Guy: [looking at Justin] That too.

Michael: Uncle Vic brought this to the hospice as well.

Director: He was always a good friend and a great supporter.

[Mel and Ted enters the hospice.]

Direcotr: [to Mel] Oh, I can't tell you how much we're appreciate this. We need all the help we can get.

Mel: Hopefully this new event coordinator will come through.

Director: He'd better.

Ted: They say he raised over $1 million for a hospice in Cincinnati.

Director: A million? My God. If we raise half that, we'll be in heaven.

[At the diner, Deb calls out to a guy sitting at the counter reading the sports section.]

Debbie: Hey, Freddy! How about those Ironmen? Are they somethin' else?

"Freddy": (in a gruff voice) Yeah, they're something else, alright.

Debbie: You oughta take something for that cold.

[She peeks behind the paper. It's not Freddy; it's Emmett!]

Debbie: Emmett! What are you doin' with the sports page?! Let me get you the style section, honey!

Emmett: No, no, Deb! These days, the sports page will do me just fine.

[A cop sits down at the counter.]

Cop: Hey, Deb.

Debbie: Hey, Bob. I haven't you seen an age. Where have you been?

Cop: Well, I had some trouble, but I'm on my feed again. So you see Carl?

Debbie: No, not lately.

Cop: You're there tonight?

Debbie: Where?

Cop: Policeman's ball. He took you last year.

Debbie: Yeah.

Cop: I remember. You're looking real nice.

Debbie: Thanks. I guess he must be taking someone else.

Emmett: Excuse me, officer? Anyone can go to the Policemen's Ball, am I correct?

Cop: Anyone who buys a ticket. I'll take the Pink Plate Special. Only make mine blue.

[He wanders off.]

Debbie: Don't tell me you're thinkin' of goin'.

Emmett: If I can find a date.

Debbie: Good luck.

Emmett: Hey - what about you?

Debbie: Me? What are you, out of your f*cking mind?

Emmett: Why not?

Debbie: You just heard, Carl's gonna be there! Probably with that lady he's been seeing.

Emmett: So? That's no reason not to go! In fact, all the more reason to be there! Show him what he's missing!

Debbie: Not much.

Emmett: Now, now! Let's keep our self-esteem - and our t*ts - up.

Debbie: Even if I wanted to go, "with my t*ts up," I've got nothing to drape 'em in.

Emmett: Just leave that to your fairy god- no, I'm not even gonna say it. Too trite. However [waves straw like magic wand], you will look fabulous. I guarantee it.

[Wracked by guilt, Lindsay confides in the one person least likely to judge her. Who needs a minister or therapist when you've got Brian?]

Lindsay: What have I done? Now he wants to see me again and of course I told him no, it's out of the question. I can never, never do that again.

Brian: Is he hung?

Lindsay: Brian!

Brian: I'm just curious. You're the last person I ever thought I'd discuss d*ck with.

Lindsay: This isn't about d*ck!

Brian: Since when?

Lindsay: I love Melanie.

Brian: Sure you do.

[He puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder.]

Lindsay: How could I have -

Brian: f*cked a guy?

Lindsay: It's not possible!

Brian: It's possible. Explaining it is the tricky part.

Lindsay: But I've always been -

Brian: A carpet muncher.

Lindsay: Except for that one time in college when you and I -

[Brian looks away, pained; he'd rather not be reminded.]

Lindsay: But that was just -

Brian: Midsummer madness.

[They both laugh.]

Brian: Still, there is a part of you that, once every decade or so, doesn't object to a stiff prick. Believe me, I understand.

Lindsay: I'm not so sure Melanie would.

Brian: Then don't tell her.

Lindsay: You're a big help.

Brian: Hey. It's okay to like c*ck! And it's okay to like p*ssy, just not at the same time. So - which one do you like?

[He shows her the pics of Drew.]

[Hunter pays a visit to Mikey at the comic store.]

Michael: Well, look who it is! Come to sh**t the breeze? A little heart-to-heart? Spend some quality time with your dashing new dad?

Hunter: I need $20.

Michael: What do you want it for?

Hunter: My upwardly mobile lifestyle. Being a teenager is expensive.

Michael: You should have thought of that before you became one.

Hunter: So can I have it?

Michael: Why should I reward you for missing your curfew and being disrespectful to us?

Hunter: How the f*ck am I being disrespectful?

Michael: By not telling us the truth.

Hunter: I told you!

[Michael shows him the money.]

Michael: I'm not above paying for information. But first you've gotta come clean.

Hunter: I took a shower this morning.

Michael: Are you hustling?

Hunter: If I was hustling, would I be asking you for 20 bucks?

Michael: Good point. (He starts to give Hunter the money, then takes it back). But then again, maybe you're just trying to throw me off the track.

Hunter: For Christ sakes. I'm kind of dating someone, okay?

Michael: Really.

Hunter: Yeah, really. Is that so hard to imagine?

Michael: No, not at all! It's great - but why didn't you say so?

Hunter: You know how kids are at my age. We're trying to develop a sense of self, which often manifests itself in a reluctance to communicate with parents and other authority figures.

Michael: Here's $30. Go to the movies.

Hunter: Sweet!

[He grabs the money and leaves. The minute he's gone, Michael phones Ben.]

Michael: Ben? I hope you're sitting down. Guess what? Our boy has a boyfriend.

[Deb and Emmett at the Policemen's Ball. Deb is, um, resplendent in a red gown.]

Debbie: Are you sure I don't look like a fire hydrant? I wouldn't want any dogs to make a mistake!

Emmett: You do not look like a fire hydrant. You're positively glowing.

Debbie: Never mind glowing. Long as I'm not radioactive. (She catches site of Horvath, with a dowdy brunette dangling from his arm). sh*t! There's Carl! What do I do?

Emmett: What do you mean, what do you do? Just stand there and glow!

[He fake laughs and pulls Deb over to engage her in fake animated conversation. Carl and the Other Woman approach.]

Debbie: (with hearty fake surprise) Oh, hi, Carl!

Carl: Debbie. Emmett. What are you doing here?

Debbie: Well, it's a ball to raise money for the cops, isn't it? I've always had a soft spot for men in uniform.

Emmett: And I've always had a hard spot!

[That earns him a sharp jab in the ribs from Debbie.]

Carl: Debbie, Emmett, this is Katherine, the person I told you about.

Katherine: Nice to meet you both. You're certainly just as colorful as Carl said you were.

Debbie: Thanks.

Katherine: If you excuse me for a moment?

[There's an awkward pause.]

Emmett: Can I bring you a drink?

Debbie: Yes.

[Emmett leaves.]

Carl: I - uh - I wasn't expecting to see you.

Debbie: I hope it doesn't make you uncomfortable.

Carl: No, no! I like - I mean, it's nice - I don't know what the hell I'm tryin' to say.

Debbie: You look very handsome.

Carl: You look very -

Debbie: Red.

[They both laugh, which breaks the ice a little.]

Carl: I'm glad to see you're gettin' out, enjoying yourself.

Debbie: Well, life goes on. Got no choice but to go on with it. [she listening a song] That song. They played it last year.

Carl: Yeah, they play it every year. They oughta get some new material.

Debbie: We danced to it.

Carl: I know.

Debbie: You're very good on your feet. We could take a quick spin around the floor. As friends, of course!

[Just then Katherine returns. She takes Carl's arm with a proprietary air.]

Katherine: (to Horvath) Shall we go now?

Carl: Sure.

Katherine: Nice to meet you, Deb.

[Carl and Katherine walk away, arms around each other, leaving Deb standing there alone. Just Emmett comes back, carrying too many drinks. Deb looks forlorn.]

[It's Bike Night at Babylon. You heard right. Not d*ke Night, bike night. It's a fundraiser for the Liberty Ride. Ted and Justin are walking around with clipboards, soliciting donations.]

Ted: Sign up here for the Liberty Ride! If you can't ride, we gladly accept donations. How we doing?

Justin: 37 riders so far. And one guy offered me $1,000 if I'd show him my c*ck.

Ted: I hope you said yes!

[Justin has the check to prove it. Ben and Melanie are emceeing the event.]

Ben: Can we have your attention please, everyone?

Mel: Thank you so much for coming out tonight in support of Liberty Ride!

[Cheers from the crowd.]

Ben: The profits will be going to help keep the Liberty House hospice open, so let's try and raise as much money as we possibly can!

[More cheers from the crowd. But not from Brian, who's standing there drinking a bottle of beer, a cynical expression on his face.]

Mel: In order to do that, the Center has enlisted one of the top fundraisers in North America. A man who gave up a lucrative law practice in Toronto to make millions for various organizations with his walkathons, danceathons, marathons, triathlons - you name it, he's found a way to make money out of it.

Ben: We're fortunate to have his help and support, so let us introduce you to - Jeffrey Pendergrass!

[More cheers.]

Jeffrey: Thank you all very much. It's great to be here in Pittsburgh! I'm grateful to the g*y and l*sbian Center and all of its supporters for asking me to help make this the best and most profitable event ever. So I hope you all sign up, get on your bike and cross the finish line, but tonight, let's all have a good time!

[More applause from the crowd, a kiss from Mel and a handshake from Ben. Everybody loves Jeffrey Pendergrass - everybody except Brian, that is. Brian is leaning against the bar when Pendergrass comes up for a refill.]

Brian: Buy you a drink?

Jeffrey: It's an open bar. Party's on me.

Brian: Nothing is free.

Jeffrey: (offering his hand) Jeffrey Pendergrass.

Brian: Brian Kinney.

[They shake.]

Brian: Just an observation, Jeffrey, but wouldn't the money that you're spending here tonight saying "hello, Pittsburgh hello!" be better spent keeping the hospice open?

Jeffrey: Actually, Brian, I find when the drinks flow freely, so do the donations.

Mel: This guy bothering you, Jeffrey?

Jeffrey: No, not at all. Just revealing some of my underhanded business practices. Well, I better go work the room. Hope we can count on your pledge, Brian.

[He shakes Brian's hand again.]

Mel: What the hell was that all about?

Brian: You know me, Mel, always stirring up the sh*t.

[Hunter and somebody making out in an SUV. It's a girl! We later learn that her name is Callie.]

Callie: You want me to suck you?

Hunter: Uh... no. That's okay.

Callie: Has everybody ever sucked you before?

Hunter: Yeah.

Callie: A lot of girls?

Hunter: No.

Callie: I've only done it twice. Once at summer camp and once with my lunch boyfriend. You don't think that makes me a sl*t, do you?

Hunter: Hardly!

Callie: Besides, it's not real sex. Ever had real sex yet?

Hunter: Not really. But I think about it.

Callie: Me too. But I promised to discuss it with my parents first. We're like best friends. How about yours?

Hunter: I don't think I'll tell them.

Callie: How come?

Hunter: They're not like your folks.

Callie: In what way?

Hunter: They're two guys.

Callie: You mean they're g*y? That's so cool!

Hunter: I don't know how cool they'd be if I told them about you and me.

Callie: Well, they don't expect you to be g*y just because they are?

Hunter: I don't know!

Callie: Well, I'll be glad to tell them you're straight if it ever comes up.

[They go back to making out.]

[Lindsay is sitting in bed in her jammies, drinking tea and trying to read a book. Melanie returns from the Babylon fundraiser.]

Mel: Hey.

Lindsay: How did go?

Mel: Oh great. Jeffrey Pendergrass will help us raise sh*t out of money.

Lindsay: That's good.

Mel: Sad that you weren't there.

Lindsay: Me too, but I had a steam headache.

Mel: Any better?

Lindsay: A little.

Mel: I blame Sam for it.

Lindsay: What?

Mel: Well, the show, living to his expectations as well as yours. But you did it.

[Mel tries a massage on her shoulders.]

Lindsay: That feels nice.

[Mel goes up to her breast.]

Lindsay: Mel. Mind if we do it later?

Mel: Sorry. I'm just the ordernary pregnant demon. I look it on Gus. You want me to get you hot tea? This one is cold.

[She stands up and leaves. Back sits a concerned Lindsay.]

[Deb and Emmett in the diner.]

Debbie: I kept my t*ts up, just like you said. I practically threw 'em at him! It didn't do much good.

Emmett: Don't despair! You'll just have to think up another way to get his attention, that's all.

Debbie: Well, we better think fast, because that woman's got 'marriage' in her eyes!

[Ted comes in waving a ticket.]

Ted: I've got an extra ticket for the Ironmen's game on Sunday! Who wants to go?

[Dead silence in the diner.]

Ted: I've got an extra ticket for "42nd Street." Who wants to go?

[There's a chorus of "Me! Me! Me!"]

Ted: Just testing. How about you, Em? Skybox! A thank you gift from the star quarterback himself!

Emmett: I don't think so.

Ted: C'mon, you're the one who turned me onto him in the first place. Ever seen him play?

Emmett: Not on the field.

Ted: He's fast and he's strong.

Emmett: Much as I'd like to go, I promised I wouldn't.

Ted: Promised who?

Emmett: But then again, how many seats does that stadium hold?

Ted: I don't know, 80,000?

Emmett: 80,000? Wow. Hardly pick out a face in that crowd, huh?

[He takes the ticket.]

Debbie: Say, Teddy, I was just wondering. Do you think you could score an extra pair of those tickets for me?

Ted: I could try!

Debbie: I have a friend who might like to go.

[Jeffrey Pendergrass pays an unannounced visit to Brian at Kinnetik.]

Brian: What?

Cynthia: [via phone] "Mr.Pendergrass wants to see you. He says he doesn't have an appointment."

Brian: He wants to hit on me.

Cynthia: [via phone] "Who doesn't?"

Brian: Except you wants money. Send him in.

Cynthia: [via phone] "OK."

Jeffrey: They tell me you're the guy to get into bed with.

Brian: Well, you'll have to come back after office hours for that.

Jeffrey: I know you're a busy man, so let me cut to the chase.

Brian: Christ, I hate that expression.

Jeffrey: I understand you're one of the most successful g*y businessmen in Pittsburgh.

Brian: Whoever told you that was dead wrong. I'm THE most successful g*y businessman.

Jeffrey: All the more reason then. I'd like your clients to be corporate sponsors for the Liberty Ride.

Brian: I see. Let ME cut to the chase. What's in it for them? More important, what's in it for me?

Jeffrey: Two very good questions.

[He pulls up a chair and makes himself at home.]

Jeffrey: First, your clients' contributions will generate publicity and good will that advertising can't buy, plus they'll be cultivating product loyalty in a market that has hundreds of billions of disposable income.

Brian: I already know that. My second question: What's in the cr*cker Jack box for me?

Jeffrey: A very personal thank you from me and a warm, gooey feeling inside.

Brian: (laughs) Oh, Jeffrey, you disappoint me! I thought you'd come up with something more original than that. So - do we have time for one last question? What's in it for you?

Jeffrey: A living.

Brian: Finally, an honest answer. How refreshing.

Jeffrey: Anything wrong with that?

Brian: Not at all. I'm all in favor of people making money. What I'm not in favor of is telling others how to spend it.

Jeffrey: It's for a worthy cause. Besides, they can afford it.

Brian: Very true. But that's not a reason why they should give it to you.

Jeffrey: Well, how about this, then? It wouldn't be very good for your clients' PR if they were perceived to be h*m*. And it wouldn't help your reputation much if word got out that you were insensitive to the neediest members of your community.

Brian: Why, Jeffrey, are you turning the screws on me?

Jeffrey: Of course not. I'm merely pointing out why it's so important that we all open our hearts and checkbooks and give as generously as we can.
[So as we cut to the skybox at the Ironmen game. We see that Drew (No. 7) scores a touchdown that ties the game. Deb and Horvath get so swept away in the moment that they let their guard down and kiss. They pull apart, a little embarrassed.]

Debbie: Some play, huh?

Carl: I'll say! I can't believe you got these tickets for the Skybox.

Debbie: I'm glad you're having a good time.

Carl: To tell you the truth, I'm not.

Debbie: (alarmed) You're not?

Carl: I'm havin' a GREAT time!

Debbie: I hope Katherine doesn't mind.

Carl: That I went to the game with a friend?

Emmett: Can you believe this is the first time in my life I ever went to a football game?

Ted: Easily.

Emmett: I had no idea it was so exciting! I feel like we're back in ancient Rome, y'know, sitting in the Coliseum, watching the gladiators, wearing those fabulous off- the-shoulder togas -

Ted: Somehow I picture us more as lion chow, but I'm glad you're enjoying it. You haven't taken your eyes off of Drew Boyd since we sat down.

Emmett: That's just because he's such a dynamic, powerful player.

Ted: Admit it, you're in love with him.

Emmett: (indignantly, like a 12 year old girl whose best friend accuses her of having a crush) I'm not!

Ted: After seeing him in his underwear, I have to confess: so am I.

[Emmett see's that Sierra comes in the Skybox. He tries to escape unrecognized.]

Emmett: Oh my god.

Ted: What? What's the matter?

Emmett: Nothing. C'mon, let's go.

Ted: No, there is 30 seconds on the clock with tied score.

Sierra: Emmett! Hey you!

Emmett: Oh hi, Sierra!

Sierra: What are you doin' here? I didn't think that Football isn't your thing.

Emmett: I'm here with my friend Ted. He is the one who did pictures for the underware ads.

Sierra: Oh, so you're the one who's responsibly for the women Drew wants.

Ted: Not to mention about the certain percent of the males population.

Sierra: [to Ted] I'm Sierra, Drew's fiancee.

Ted: Oh congratulations. He's quite a guy.

Sierra: Guess it seems I landed on the big one.

Emmett: You certainly did. But it's nice to see you again.

Sierra: Where you goin'? Drew were so disappointed if you didn't stop by the locker room to say hello.

Emmett: I'd love to, but we are here with friends.

Sierra: They can go with us.

Carl: I can go see the team?!

[On the field Drew scores another TD. The Ironmen wins with 1 TD.]

Sierra: OK, everyone follow me.

[Cut to Michael and Ben.]

Ben: Why wouldn't he just come out and say that he has a boyfriend?

Michael: You know how kids his age are. He's trying to develop a sense of self, which often includes not communicating with parents.

Ben: We're not other parents. We're hip. We're coool!

[He puts on a beanie, crosses his arms, does the punk rock symbol and sticks out his tongue. Very cute. Just at that moment, Hunter comes home.]

Hunter: You think so.

Ben: Hey, pal!

Michael: I ordered our favorite, Mighty Man Meat! Sausage, pepperoni, meatball, ham and bacon!

Ben: Ouch!

Michael: Not to worry. Mushroom and tofu for you.

Ben: So, dude, what's new?

Hunter: Nothin', dude.

Ben: That's not what I hear. I hear you got a friend. Michael and I want you to know that we think it's great. I wish I had a boyfriend when I was your age.

Michael: All those missed blowjobs!

[Hunter looks very uncomfortable and we know why.]

Ben: So what is he like? Is he smart? Bookish? Muscular? Athletic?

Hunter: All of the above.

Ben: Have you two had sex yet?

Hunter: No!

Ben: It's OK - we're all g*y men here. Because if you do, it's important to protect him as well as yourself, especially considering your HIV status, you have a responsibility -

Hunter: Don't worry! I'll be careful.

Michael: So? When do we get to meet him?

Hunter: I dunno.

Michael: We're very open-minded. It doesn't matter if he has tattoos, body-piercings - he doesn't, does he?

Hunter: Look - I don't have a boyfriend, OK?

Michael: What do you mean? You told me -

Hunter: I told you I had a friend. I didn't say it was a boy.

Ben: Well, if it's not a boy, it's a -

[Some things are too awful to contemplate. He can't actually get the word out.]

[Post-game. The cameras are flashing. Drew comes from the lockerroom.]

Sierra: Hey, hon. [they kiss] Drew, this is Carl and Debbie. And you remember Ted.

Carl: It's a real thrill, Mr.Boyd.

Drew: Call me Drew.

Carl: Drew.

Ted: You were amazing, Drew.

Drew: Thank you.

Debbie: I say'll and cute to. So, when's the wedding?

Sierra and Drew: June.

[Emmett stands a little besides them and doesn't look happy.]

Sierra: Sweetheart, look who's here. Emmett Honeycutt, remember? He planed our engagement.

Drew: Yeah, sure. If you'll excuse me. I'll take my honey home and chill out.

[Brian pays Jeff a visit in his posh hotel suite. Jeffrey is wearing a fancy monogrammed bathrobe.]

Jeffrey: Champaign?

Brian: No, thanks. It makes me puke. I'm serious. I can knock back a dozen tequilas, no problemo. But one glass of that stuff and it's "Ou est la toilette?"

Jeffrey: That's too bad. Champagne is really very -

Brian: Expensive. What is it, $220 a pop?

Jeffrey: Well, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go and, um -

Brian: Please. Be my guest.

[While Jeffrey is in the other room getting dressed, Brian catches sight of a slew of gift bags lined up on the table.]

Brian: Something tells me I'm in the wrong business!

Jeffrey: (from the other room) Why's that?

Brian: The suite, the champagne. Seems like charity work's where the big bucks are these days.

Jeffrey: Like I said, it's a living.

Brian: Yeah, a very good living.

[Jeffrey comes back into the room, dressed in gray shirt and slacks.]

Jeffrey: So. I assume you've given our conversation some thought.

Brian: Yeah, I've thought about it. But before I get into bed with someone, I like to do a little research. You just can't be too careful these days.

Jeffrey: Isn't that the truth. So what'd you find out?

Brian: That you're a hell of a fundraiser.

Jeffrey: (laughs) I'm sorry you wasted the legwork there. I could've told you that.

Brian: (picking up a cr*cker with caviar) Do you mind?

Jeffrey: Be my guest

Brian: It seems that the organizations don't see much in the end, what with fancy hotels, champagne, caviar, lavish kickoff parties which by the way, the charities pay for, not you.

Jeffrey: For how hard I work and for that amount I bring in, I deserve a nice lifestyle. Besides, everyone profits. Tax writeoffs, good will, publicity. What's the problem, as long as everything's on the up and up?

Brian: What about Denver?

Jeffrey: What about Denver?

Brian: Well, didn't some local A*DS organization sue you for swindling them out of money that you spent on yourself?

Jeffrey: Those were totally legitimate business expenses. Office, travel -

Brian: (Proffering the cr*cker) More caviar?

Jeffrey: No thanks, I - what are you saying, Brian?

Brian: Just that when some earnest do-gooder blows into town and starts threatening me unless I help them, I have a legitimate reason to ask a few questions. And get a few answers.

Jeffrey: Those accusations were totally untrue and unsubstantiated. And what they didn't tell you is that they still made a quarter of a million even after my share.

Brian: Imagine what they would've made before it. So we'll just make sure that every cent you raise here in provincial little Pittsburgh goes exactly where it's supposed to go.

[Mel and Lindsay's house. Someone rings on the door.]

Mel: Got it! [to Gus] Look who's here. It's Sam. C'mon in.

Sam: Thanks. Is Lindsay home?

Mel: Yeah. LINDS! SAM'S HERE! Congratulations to the show. I've heard it was a snap.

Sam: Oh, they always are. But this one I think it was Lindsay. [Lindsay came from above] I'm up to Milan.

Lindsay: That's be a step up from Pittsburgh. But I doubt you find a decent bagles either.

Sam: I just want come and say goodbye.

Lindsay: Why we don't walk to your car? I'll be right back.

[In front of the door.]

Sam: I couldn't leave without -

Lindsay: Yes, you could and you should. Right now!

Sam: Without even saying goodbye?

Lindsay: I'm sure there must be dozens of women you f*cked without saying goodbye.

Sam: That wasn't just a f*ck. It meant more than that -

Lindsay: Would you just stop? Please.

Sam: I want you to come with me.

Lindsay: What? Are you crazy?

Sam: Damn proud of it, too. Look. I've had more ex-wives and mistresses than Sears has tire centers.

Lindsay: I'm sure they'd be pleased to hear themselves compared to a steel-belted radial!

Sam: If you'd met 'em, you'd realize I was complimenting them. But I've never felt like this. Look. Just sleep on it. I can send you a ticket.

Lindsay: I have a family, Sam. Right there. On the other side of that door.

Sam: That's not all you are. There's so much more to you than that. Why don't you let me show you?

Lindsay: No! This IS who I am. And even if a part - a very tiny part of me - wanted something else, I'd still choose to stay here. Now I want you to go.

[He kisses her on the cheek and leaves.]

[Horvath brings Deb a quirky gift to thank her for taking him to the football game.]

Carl: I brought you this Persion melon from Chile.

Debbie: Well, that's very strange, Carl, but sweet.

Carl: We were investigating a m*rder near the fruit and vegetable market so I -

Debbie: Don't tell me those k*ller tomatoes are at it again!

Carl: I just wanted to give you something, as a thank you for taking me to the game.

Drebbie: My pleasure.

Carl: And for meeting Drew Boyd. Wow, I still can't get over that.

Debbie: Yeah, he's really something.

Carl: So are you. For being such a good friend, I mean.

Debbie: I'll always be your friend. Could I offer you a friendly slice of melon?

Carl: No, thanks. I gotta be going.

Debbie: Maybe we could do something else friendly sometime.

Carl: Yeah, I'd like that.

Debbie: Like bowling or fishing -

Carl: Or this.

[He kisses her.]

Debbie: Was that a friendly kiss?

Carl: Yeah, I guess you could say that.

Debbie: In that case, it could be a little friendlier.

[They kiss again, this time like they really mean it.]

[Cut to the Motel, where Emmett is lying naked in bed, waiting for his man. He holds a condom in his hand. Cut later in the night, someone goes in front of the door, but it's not Drew. Cut later, Emmett lies alone in bed and drinks beer. But Drew never shows.]

[Lying in bed, Michael and Ben have a conversation that many other parents of teenagers have had before them - with a slight variation on the theme.]

Michael: Do you think maybe it's just a phase? Maybe he hasn't met the right boy.

Ben: Substitute right girl and that's just what my parents said when I told them I was g*y.

Michael: What about all the men? He's had sex with more guys than you and I put together.

Ben: His mother got him started on that and it was always for money, not love.

Michael: So you think it's really true?

Ben: Sounds like he's discovered who he really is. And he's not gonna change anymore than you and I could change who we are.

Michael: But what are we gonna do? I mean, talking about girls - women - I wouldn't know the first thing. I've never even slept with one.

Ben: I have, once or twice.

Michael: Really?

Ben: Mm-hm.

Michael: How was it?

Ben: 'Salright. Got a hard on and everything. Suppose I performed adequately at least no one complained, but I also remember thinking, why are guys so obsessed with this? What's the big deal?

Michael: I guess that was the first clue.

Ben: I also liked to wear my mom's dresses.

[Michael looks at him.]

Ben: Just kidding.

Michael: So we're both pretty useless when it comes to guy stuff.

Ben: Someone else will have to show him where the "g" spot is. I never could find it.

Michael: He could ask Mel and Lindz. I'm sure they know where it is. Ben, do you think he'd be better off with straight parents?

Ben: What?

Michael: People who'll understand him?

Ben: We understand him. He's still Hunter, g*y or straight. It doesn't make a difference.

Michael: It may not make a difference to us, but what about him?

[At Woody's, naturally the football game is on. Emmett and Ted are there.]

Ted: You see Drew? Christ, what a man. He can do anything. Run, throw, block.

Emmett: Or gain like a piston. Or even f*ck me. And he did me ever, in all possible way.

Ted: What are you drinkin'?

Emmett: Nothing, unfortunately. You want to know, Drew and I have been an affair.

Ted: [looks serious to Emmett and then he laughs] No! No, you don't. No, no, no, you said you can gave me back that time when I said I meet Greg Logano this time in Barbardos under water. You believe me, but... no.

Emmett: I'm serious.

[Ted looks at Emmett again. He isn't laughing and he stops.]

Ted: C'mon, you expect me to believe... But th...tha...that's impossible! He's straight.

Emmett: Tell my a*s that! We're meeting three times a week in some motel. I swore to him I never tell. But now it's over. And the worst part of this is, I was falling in love with this son-of-a-b*tch.

[Brian and Justin donate Brian's Barcelona chair to the A*DS hospice.]

Justin: [to Brian] Your Barcelona chair would great in the living room.

Brian: Thanks for reminding me.

Justin: I got Brian to donate this $2,000 Barcelona chair.

Brian: Withholding sex has worked for centuries.

Director: Thanks, but before we can redecorating we gonna need a rufo for our heads. You know the guy who's organizing the Liberty Ride?

Justin: Jeffrey Pendergrass?

Director: He was supposed to be at a meeting last night at the Center. When he didn't show up, they called his hotel. He'd checked out.

Justin: Checked out?

Director: It seems he resigned.

Brian: What about the donations?

Direktor: He sent a letter saying that they almost, but not quite, covered his expenses.

Justin: Oh, sh*t!

Director: The one thing we have, even when he didn't have funds were hope. And now, we don't even have that.

[Brian's looking in the living room and sees the poor people in their last months.]

[Mel runs into Lindz.]

Lindsay: Where were you up to?

Mel: Lamaze.

Lindsay: Why didn't you say something? I'll be there in a minute.

Mel: No, no need. Michael's meeting me there.

Lindsay: Michael?

Mel: He's a very good coach.

Lindsay: I'm sure but what about me?

Mel: I figured you had business in the gallery.

Lindsay: Sam's gone.

Mel: But not forgotten. I watched you two from the window. That was a very touching goodbye scene.

Lindsay: He's my friend. My mentor.

Mel: He's awakened things in you. Your desire to paint, to express yourself. Anything else?

[Long silence. Lindsay's guilty face says it all.]

Mel: You don't have to tell me. I know. You don't live with someone for nine years and not know.

Lindsay: Mel -

Mel: I don't wanna hear any of your bullshit explanations.

Lindsay: I wasn't gonna offer any. What's important is it reconfirmed for me that this is who I am. That my life is with you and Gus and the baby. That I still choose you.

Mel: Well, that's very convincing testimony. But I'm not so sure that I still choose you.

[She leaves the room. A shocked Lindsay starres there. Fade to black.]

END OF EPISODE

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